

I Have Gotta Fly Higher

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Tails thinks about the one he loves as this person gets marred.... to someone else. Yaoi, TailsxSonic (sorta) and Tailsx??? (surprise)

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Written by Kevian August

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This story came to me from a combination of listening to Tails' Theme, Believe in Myself, and another Tails fanfic which really has no similarity to this story, but it put the thought in my head. You try to figure it out!

Warnings, this story features some shonen ai (boy's love) hints so if you are homophobic, don't read it, period. I have not read any of the Sonic comics, but I know some of the storyline, but barely any. I missed a lot of SatAm also, but I'm getting it soon on DVD. So this story is based off of Sonic 2-3, what I've seen of SatAm, other fanfics, what I've read off the clubs, and my own imagination.

A slight breeze blows by a small hammock, causing it to gently begin to swing back and forth in its position high up between the two tallest trees of the area. As the swing slows down, two delicate hands reach out from beneath the folds and stretch out, accompanied by a soft yawn. Feeling sufficiently stretched out, the two hands grab onto the hammock's sides, letting their owner lift himself up into a sitting position.

Out of the hammock peeks an orange furred head with large pointed ears and a shock of hair puffed out between them. As the eyes blink open, trying to rid themselves of sleep-crust, they are revealed to be a startling dark blue, seeming to sparkle. As he lifts the rest of his body to stand in the hammock, he is revealed to be quite skinny, but with a runner or swimmer's build. The most remarkable part of him are the two big, bushy tails extending behind him, each nearly as large as the rest of him themselves.

Yawning again, he stretches out his legs and tails, removing all the kinks out of his body as he looks down to the ground, nearly 30 feet below him. He seems to take no notice of this as he wraps his tail tightly around the other, faster and faster, as he steps off the hammock. When he reaches the halfway point between the hammock and the ground, he unwraps his tails rapidly, the both of them seeming to spin like a whirlwind. The force of this causes his fall to slow gradually, breaking his fall entirely. Hovering right above the ground, he stops the rotation of his tails, allowing him to touch the ground softly and walk into the house.

He had been sleeping in his hammock more and more as time went on, feeling he needed to be by himself and his thoughts, with the stars, high up in heavens, away from *him* ...

"MILES!" exclaimed a voice.

He turned towards the voice. He still hadn't gotten used to them calling him his real name rather than his nickname, Tails. He was both glad to get rid of that childish name, seeing as he was fifteen now, and also saddened that he was no longer young, but an adult. When he was young he wanted to be cool, he wanted to be like *him* , but now that he was older he wished he could have stayed young. He also wished that he never met *him* ...

Letting go of his thoughts for now, he looks up at the voice that said his name: the great hero, once called Big Blue long ago by his sidekick, before time caught up with everyone.

"Hi... Sonic," Miles said back, hinting at the sleepiness still in his voice.

"You slept in late! And none of us can reach you when you hide yourself in that hammock of yours! You know you've got responsibilities."

All Miles could do was sigh as he could quickly tell he wasn't the only late sleeper. Sonic had been so hectic lately and he seemed to make

everything into big catastrophes. He guessed he would be too, if he had such a big event coming up in a matter of hours. Looking at the clock, he sees it's 10:38, and realizes there is little more than 7 hours til the big event.

'In seven hours Sonic will be married,' Miles thought. 'But to the wrong person,' he finished, sadly.

However, he didn't let that sadness show on the outside. He'd learned how to hide that emotion, especially as he looked at the person he loved. He had loved Sonic from almost the day they met, so long ago. He'd followed that hedgehog everywhere, at first just because he felt less alone with him. Now though, all the blue hedgehog did for him was make him feel more lonely.

"It'll be okay Sonic, don't worry. You won't have much longer until your honeymoon and you-know-what," Miles said, finishing with a chuckle. It was a well-known fact to everyone that Sally was saving herself for the honeymoon, so everyone teased Sonic about it. Miles was the only one who didn't like mentioning that news. He had a cover to maintain though.

He couldn't tell Sonic how he felt now. What would Sonic say? Perhaps Sonic would shun him and sever all ties between them. Would that be all so bad, though? He would finally have his answers and he'd be able to free himself of his affections. He could finally find someone real.

Maybe he'd even find a girl and relieve himself of the complication of being attracted to another male. It seemed he'd been told all his life that love happens between a man and a *woman*, not two men. How could he tell anyone about this? They wouldn't understand. They would think he was crazy, or sick, or both. This was his burden and his alone, since he was sure he was the only one who would experience these feelings.

He was distracted from his thoughts again as he realized Sonic was looking at him inquisitively.

"You okay, not-so-little-anymore guy?" Sonic asks, a hint of worry in his voice.

"No, no... just got a lot on my mind, that's all," he replies quickly, feeling ashamed of his thoughts.

"Well, ya better get it off your mind. My wedding is coming up! I'm sure whatever it is can wait for us to talk about."

"NO!" Miles yelled. "I mean, no, it's nothing, I don't need to talk about it, it's nothing," Tails stammers, hoping to catch himself before he did or said anything incriminating.

Sonic just raises an eyebrow at Miles' outburst, shrugging it off. He gives a thumbs up sign to Miles and speeds off. "Make sure your section is ready for tonight!" were his last words before he vanished from sight.

With a sigh he walks to the kitchen, lightly cursing himself for making an outburst like that. It wasn't his first though, and it surely wouldn't be his last. So long as he was under the same roof as the object of his affection, there would be close calls, outbursts, "accidents", staring, and the like. It was just a fact that Miles had learned to accept a while back. There was nothing else he could do. He was actually surprised no one had figured his feelings out yet, but it just reassured him no one else would have of those type of feelings for another male. He must be different, he must not belong, he must be wrong.

With that grim thought, Tails decides to go to the backyard to do what Sonic had requested of him. He totally forgot his original plan to fill his now empty teenage stomach.

Stepping out onto the neatly trimmed lawn, he stands there for a second enjoying the feel against his naked feet. It felt too perfect to the touch to have been, until recently, an unkempt and rarely mowed grassy area. But seeing as this was really more than a marriage, since it could mean a new king for Sally's people, it had to be perfect

in every single way. This meant much more stress for the former freedom fighters.

'Former... that's what we are...', thought Miles, a second before continuing along the grass.

Here he is, standing in the exact aisle Sonic and Sally will walk down later tonight to proclaim their vows of love, looking at the exact altar where they will exchange vows. He knew it was a great and beautiful thing, but all he could think of is that he wished he was the one with Sonic instead of Sally. That would be impossible though, he believed. Sonic wouldn't be like him. No one could be like he was.... He was cursed to be to be alone all his life, unless by some sort of a miracle he was cured, he thought.

Miles realized he was just going in circles, repeating himself. But he had to remind himself that he couldn't let himself believe he could belong. That only brought hope, which he couldn't have now.

Zoning back into reality he walks over to the side of the house to the stack of folded chairs. He flies it over to the aisle unfolding it as he goes. Setting it down into place, he moves back to get a second chair, and then the third, fourth, fifth, and so on, making rows and columns as he goes. It was easy work he knew, and menial too, but he knew he could do it faster than anyone else. Besides, setting up the chairs had a way of letting him focus on something else besides Sonic and, in a way, let himself begin to unstress and unworry himself.

So he flies up into the air to get an aerial view of the area, making sure that there are enough seats for everyone that will be coming. And there are going to be a lot of people coming. They actually had so many people wanting to come that they had to limit the invitations to VIPs, family, and close friends. As a compromise, there were numerous people coming who would film the whole thing, to be broadcast to monitors all over the rest of Mobius. It almost makes him laugh to think that they are using most of Robotnik's technology for good now.

Taking one last look at all of the chairs, he floats back down to ground. Landing with a soft plop noise, he gives it all one final look over before feeling satisfied and walking back into the house.

As he leaves the calm, relaxing environs of the outdoors, he wonders again why Sonic couldn't be his, but he knows he couldn't turn female. So, giving up for the millionth time to try to convince himself he can love another male, he decides to go to the kitchen and eat that breakfast his stomach is telling him that he missed.

As he walks into the kitchen, he is surprised to find a plate containing his normal breakfast, a large omelette and three diagonal-sliced pieces of bread, sitting right on the counter. Not only that, the jam and butter is already on the bread, and a glass of milk in a tall glass. Folded neatly so it stands up is a piece of paper with his name on it. It's not addressed to "Miles" though, but to his former "cute" nickname, the one noone used anymore, "Tails". That's what surprises him the most as he walks over, picking up the paper and reading it silently.

I didn't see you at breakfast today so I decided to make you your usual instead of letting you make it yourself. I almost gave it to you while you were out there setting up the yard, but you seemed so hard at work, I didn't want to bother you. So here is your breakfast right here. You better eat it all up, little guy, you got an important job still in front of you, being the best man and all. LUCK!

X

He smiles lightly at the thought that someone had actually cooked breakfast for him, and called him Tails and "little guy". It actually made him feel young again. He didn't harbor any bad feelings anymore at being called such childish names and being taken care of like this. This time it didn't feel degrading, but uplifting and special. Plus the whole mystery of who it could be, considering the ambiguous "X" left for the signature, and a lack of any real clues to his or her identity, makes rather interesting. He lets his mind wander,

imagining a certain blue-furred hedgehog doing it all. It didn't sound anything like him, though....

With an inaudible sigh, he grabs a fork and carries the plate and the glass out the side entrance, opening the door easily with one of his tails. Stepping out, he heads back to *his* trees and, steadying the plate and glass in his hands, he winds up his tails again, letting them carry him up to his hammock. This was one place where he always was alone, and he felt it best at the moment that he should be left alone with his food.

Crunching into his toast, he lays back into the hammock, looking straight up into the sky. He idly watched the passing clouds as they covered the sun just enough to stay out of his eyes. Little else in the world gave him the happy feeling deep down inside that looking up at the heavens and losing himself did. It seemed to touch every inch of his body. It always seemed to offer a new world of possibilities to him that were unavailable to anyone who has their feet planted on the ground.

Miles watches as seven birds that he can'timmediately recognize fly across the sky in a V formation. They speed from one edge of the sky to the next, seemingly for no other purpose than to be up in the sky.

"I wish I could just fly away like them," he says to himself out loud, his eyes closed for a moment. He focuses on how he feels every time he flys. It was no wonder he was named after the twin tails that allowed him flight. They were large and powerful, not to mention the fact that not many foxes have two tails.

"Then why don't you?"

Hearing this Miles bolts up at the sudden voice behind him.

"WHAT?! WHO'S THERE?!" he says as he quickly turns around. The mystery speaker is leaning against the tree, his arms crossed and

his feet just on the edge of the hammock. "Knuckles! What are you doing up here?"

With the smallest of smirks he uncrosses his arms and lets out a short, but loud laugh.

"Sorry to scare you. I just saw you up here and thought I should at least say hi," he says as he edges over on the hammock. "I just get the feeling you have something on your mind I can help with."

Miles, still a little bit in shock mode, just raises his eyebrow at Knuckles. Inwardly though, he's dreading that his secret had been found out. "There's nothing going on in my mind Knux, really," he says as he moves over a little bit, and into a sitting position on the hammock.

Knuckles sits down next to Miles, and almost casually responds. "Why hide yourself out here? Why space out at least two times that I've seen? Why get so distracted by it that you skip breakfast?" Turning his head,, he gives Miles a small glance and points to the sky. "Why fly away if you have no reason worth flying for?"

Miles cringes at Knuckles' logic, and feels like there's a snare encircling his neck, ready to capture him and show to the world who and what he really is. Looking straight at Knuckles, he puts on the most convincing smile he can muster as he comes up with a plan.

"I'm just thinking about Sonic's we...", he begins, but is cut off.

"You love him, don't you?" Knuckles says suddenly, his meaning clear beyond all means.

Hearing this, Miles jumps up, surprised and almost causing himself to fall off the hammock.

"WHAT?!!!"

"It's true then."

"I don't know what you're talking about!"

"Then why the expression on your face? The one of dread, of me finding your secret? Me knowing you, a male, loves another male?"

"How do YOU know that? How do you know that I'm thinking, which I'm not, of you finding out my secret, which I don't have? HOW?!" Miles almost screams, feeling the last threads of his life about to slip away into nothingness.

Knuckles remains quiet for a moment as he looks straight into Miles' eyes, looking at the tears forming at their corners, looking at the fear in them, his own eyes showing much strength now.

"Because I shared your eyes. I shared them when I was called in front of the council. I shared them when they found out about me.... I shared them when I was exiled to Floating Island."

Miles just stares at Knuckles, his eyes widening in surprise at the realization what that all means. His mind is unable to compile the data and cooperate with him, so he is only able to get out one stuttering question.

"B-but, were'nt y-you cho-sen to be t-he gu-ardia-n of i-t?"

"Yes, I was. I was chosen so they could separate me from everyone. So they could 'save me from myself,'" Knuckles replied sadly, looking down to the ground. "Exiled to an existence created to be without trust, without friendship and, most of all, without a chance to love."

Miles looks at Knuckles' crumpling form as he spoke his last words and immediately wraps his arms around him, drawing them both close together. In that moment Miles lets go of all the emotions he has buried within him, mixes them with the sorrow he feels from Knuckles, and just cries. To Miles, it feels as though the crying will never stop. Even if his tear ducts dried up, he'd still be crying on the inside. It's something he's needed to get out for a very long time.

Knuckles had a feeling something similar to this might happen, but he was shocked nonetheless by Tails' sudden surge of emotion. Looking down at the small fox, he remembers his own reactions when they found out about him. However, he didn't have someone to hold, to cry on like this.

'Perhaps that will make all the difference in the world between me and him,' Knuckles thinks as he gently caresses Miles' head with one hand, holding him tight with the other.

"There's one other similarity between us...."

Tails looks up at Knux, feeling conforsted by his gloved paw.

"What is it?"

Knuckles just caresses Miles' head for a little while, seeming to think out his words carefully before answering.

"We both love someone we cannot have. That someone is already in love with someone else, and we have to wait to see how things work out."

'He must be in love with Sonic also,' thinks Miles. 'They are, afterall, very much alike. It's what Antoine called a love-hate relationship.' Looking up at Knuckles, he gains a new understanding of the echinada, smiling suddenly as he realizes that he is not alone in the world anymore after all. He still doesn't know if what he feels is wrongl, if he is normal or not, but at least he knows he is no longer alone, and he can't lose that.

"Now to reiterate what I said earlier, why **don't** you just fly away?" Knuckles asks softly. "Away from the one you want so deeply, but you can't have... to find someone, like us, who can love you back?" Catching Miles' sudden odd look, he can't help but chuckle.

"I am not kidding, and I'm not talking about running away, I'm talking about believing in yourself," said Knuckles.

Miles just nods and gives a small smile to Knuckles.

"Thanks," he says, giving him one more gentle hug. "For everything." Standing up, he looks at the horizon, smiling proudly at it now.

"I'm going to fly high, to the highest of heavens, somebody will be waiting for me so, I've gotta fly higher." Turning around quickly, he looks at Knuckles. "You are the best man now."

Knuckles just nods at the fox. He smiles to himself, glad that he is showing someone the right path in life, a path that he wishes someone had shown him when he was younger. Perhaps no one will understand Miles' disappearance, but they do not need to understand. They just got to believe in him. "Goodbye, good friend.... Tails, I shall see you again one of these days hopefully, and then you can show me who the person who will share your life with you."

With that, Tails jumps off the hammock, and with a twist of his tails he heads off to join the wind and birds. He is leaving behind so much, but he isn't running from it. He is going so he can do his own thing. To find brand new challenges. To find new dreams. To do things that only he can do, without the help of his friends.

Sitting still on the hammock was Knuckles, staring off at the disappearing Tails.

"Goodbye Tails... I love you," he says before stepping off the hammock and gliding to the ground. He had news to give and a wedding to prepare now. He had seen to it that Tails was able to live a life fit for him, where he can be free.